


VOL.2 NO.2
FEBRUARY
1995


FREE


VOICE


OF MONTREAL

 **BLAXPLOITATION**
racism in film

 **HEROIN**
a junkie speaks

 **VALENTINE'S DAY**
getting laid this winter

INTERVIEW 
to be black and queer

HO CHE ANDERSON 
the most hated man in comics



Draft Bill on the Sovereignty of Québec

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
Québec 



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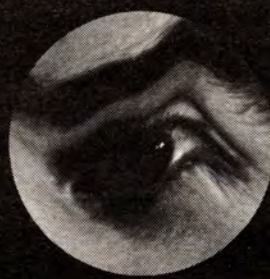
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HEROIN DREAMS

by Devon Strange

BROTHERS AND SISTERS!

In this issue, several of the featured stories deal with hate:

Our Cover Story discusses the legacy of slavery's existence and persistence in film, specifically through black exploitation. *Science* focuses on heroin addiction, which is a style of self-inflicted slavery altogether different. *Interview* presents hate in the capacity of homophobia. And *Art* consists of "the most hated man in comics" Ho Che Anderson's candid account concerning his alienation as both artist and individual. Thankfully Anderson transcends the rigmarole of "being a black cartoonist" and lets us into his mind instead.

The beauty of Vol.2, No.2 is it's ability to convey uncensored information to you, our readers. The insides reflect *Voice of Montreal's* 'never-ending-search-for-authenticity' philosophy.

The content has been neither tampered nor tapered to fit a specific style, touched by us only for flow. The raw expression of individuals remains the utmost priority, for the words conveyed prove more significant than a publication's self-indulgent efforts to create an image or dictate an attitude.

People who think that progress has been made in the areas of integration and acceptance are living a lie. It's alive and well, infiltrating all levels of society. The recent unveiling of the Petawawa, Ontario *élite Airborne Regiment* hazing rituals video serve as both national embarrassment and proof that hate and dehumanization hit close to home in Canada, and not just 'elsewhere'.

To steal a few golden words from a Sufi, "dispel racial differences, and end the wars of separation waged in the mind."

Suroosh Y. Alvi

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When I graduated from college I had dreams of the New York subculture. I'd done some research on the Beats, and had a passing acquaintance with the figures from the Warhol crowd. When the opportunity came to hop in a van and trek across the country to the Lower East side, I took it. I was going to live in a hole in the wall and scribble poetry mined from the depths of hard experience and true despair. For once I was going to leave my legacy of dull suburban preppiedom and become notorious, deranged and visionary. All of this included the ingestion of most everything: pot, beer, acid- and of course Heroin. I'd had my share of warnings from the experienced, and straight from the mouths of those I admired. But if your creed is one of reckless abandon, the first thing to do is go in the opposite direction.

A year later, there is no one left in New York that I can contact. They are divided into three categories: the ones I estranged through my addiction, the ones who are still hooked and pleading for money, and the ones who are dead or dying. My ex-lover, ex because of her refusal and inability to kick, is dying of AIDS in a hotel room in San Francisco. Soon after our break up she shared a needle at Herbert Huncke's flat. Four acquaintances have died since I left. This story is for all of them and also for Alexa, a beautiful porcelain doll of a Goth, only seventeen, who OD'd in an abandoned lot and was found seven days later. The rats had eaten her eyes.

According to the latest statistic from the Canadian board of health, Heroin is the number one cause of death in Vancouver for adults between the ages of thirty and forty-four. I know from first hand observation that it kills a comparable number in New York, which has an estimated junkie population of seventy thousand. Here in Montreal, a city that I work hard to be clean in despite its reputation, I still spot the unmistakable signs in people I pass from time to time. Once you've witnessed it, it leaves an indelible mark. The gaunt features, the strangely greyish almost translucent skin of heavy addiction, the narrow focused walk. Friends here complain about the perils of Junkie babysitting, about people who refuse to get clean, and the temptation to get back on. Its almost too familiar, the cycle of addiction, recovery, misery and relapse. It seems to be one of the most common stories of our generation.

Heroin cuts deep, straight to the center, where it begins a slow mutation and decay of the body and spirit. If used long enough, it eventually assimilates all the emotional, psychological and physical drives of the body towards itself. First, all resources are slowly directed towards its pursuit. In my case, this included my power of invention as a

writer. Incredible stories would pour forth from me to my friends and employers, explaining exactly why I needed TWENTY BUCKS. I became adept at short changing corner stores. Don't believe anyone who tells you junkies are lazy. Its a nine to five job like any other. And nothing gets you out of bed faster than the tightening in your gut and the ache in the marrow of your bones.

Junk changes your metabolism. In the process of physical addiction, something that happened to me very quickly, the body shifts all of its processes to accommodate the assimilation of junk above everything else. Dopamine, the natural painkiller produced by the body, ceases to be produced, causing the acute physical pain of withdrawal. A dope addict is someone who has taken the central functions of the nervous system and the regulation of pain into their own hands. All of this is described accurately and admirably by William S. Burroughs in his novel, 'Junkie'. With the exception of the occasional meal, you can run on junk and sugar alone. Sugar is known to heighten and prolong a nod. So do cigarettes, when smoked immediately after injection.

Aside from my first visionary experience with Heroin, my general impression of junk is its subtlety. Two months into addiction all I noticed was a slight adjustment, a sudden miraculous ease. It was a chemical chiropractor to put my body and soul in realignment.

Whatever situation was going down before I copped: the sudden oaths to clean up and leave Junkiedom, the tearful 'I'm a fuck-up' monologues, the less fortunate friends calling sick and haranguing me for money, the sudden violent and frustrated outbursts between lovers and roommates, the ominous visits from the landlord, whatever garbage, vomit and blood that was crowding the sidewalk, no matter how badly my nose ran and my gut wound up like a

starved fist, a trip around the corner and back would make me whole again.

Then it was time to dispense the goods, watch the sullen turn grateful and see the slack grey figures of my friends breathe long sighs of relief. Then it was time to pop the V U into my battered tape player while the rodents gnawing at the inside of my bones were flushed away by warm amber, and feel the thin line of fire descend the ridge of my spine. Then I would let my arms go slack, and stumble out of the room swaying slightly to



the inimitable rhythm of the music.

It was only after I witnessed the ease of this solution contrasted with the complete ugliness of my surroundings, that I began to doubt its reality. After a while it became clear that the only thing that had changed was my ability to feel. I began to feel constrained, pissed off at my inability to leave my neighborhood, because travel presented insurmountable problems of carrying

the required dosage with me. After a while, I realized that I was living the same day, over and over again. Time didn't progress. Everyday the same routine, the same hassles, the same melodrama. It was at this point that I realized I'd been cheated, and my love/hate relationship with Heroin began.

Nearly every junkie I have ever known, myself included, wanted to get clean. After the initial infatuation was over it was something we dreamt about. We dreamt about waking up in the morning feeling OK, about not having to pay the man twenty or thirty or forty bucks in the morning just to feel straight. "Clean" became a miraculous realm to me, akin to wonderland or OZ, where I could go about my business without the constant drain, where I could start writing and composing and drawing again.

Governments have mistakenly thought that morbid scare tactics could prevent neophytes from dabbling in Heroin. Their psychology, as usual, is far too simplistic, and it's obviously not working. Because it is precisely its shadowy netherworld aura, its mystique of sickly decadence, of pleasure and depravity, that lends Heroin a huge part of its appeal. Everytime you fix, you cheat death for pleasure. Sometimes I wonder what it was that allowed me to be so lucky, to squeak past death with my sanity and a clean bill of health. Whatever it may be, I'm not taking anymore chances.

This piece is dedicated
to my friend
Philip W. Jersyk
(1970-1994) R. I. P.

After showing up on the comics scene only a few years ago, Toronto's Ho Che Anderson has proven himself to be both a revolutionary and a pioneer.

Named after Ho Che Min and Che Gueverra, Anderson has done some of the most beautifully frank and heart-felt political comic books since Spain. He is both a powerful spokesman and a sympathetic observer and one of the few comic artists around with enough courage to deal with life's filth head-on.

Anderson has paved the way with new illustration styles too numerous to mention. He injects class into society's dark side with bold and confident strokes that leave the reader hypnotized. His mastery of multi-media techniques is so subtle readers are inexorably drawn in and comic artists are left floundering to imitate. From his early mellowing jazz stories in *Deadline*, to his truly erotic *Eros* work (far too sincere for such a corny publisher), right up to the irreverent and epic *King*, Anderson never fails to leave his readers speechless.

It is impossible to represent Anderson without showing his work because the comics community has never seen anything like him. A political activist and a talented artist. Imagine the L.A. riots painted by Michaelangelo and you will start to understand the paradox that is Ho Che Anderson.

By Gavin McInnes

Readers Beware: what I'm about to drop on you is a really shitty analogy and yet one that in some sick way makes perfect sense to me, so proceed at your own risk.

I heard a song on the radio the other day called "10th grade love" and it started me reminiscing about my own 10th grade love who was a girl named Shehla Rizvi. She had dark brown skin, long raven hair, and she was gorgeous and perfect. The only reason I noticed her in the first place was because she used to sit directly across the room in English class looking at me constantly, but it wasn't long before I was the one doing most of the looking and longing. I always knew there was potential there for a real relationship but it never happened, which in a sense is exactly how I feel about my relationship to comic books; comics the perfect girl of my youth and me the devoted admirer, and among it all the potential for a great romance, one destined never to amount to anything.

So the question was asked of me what the life of a black cartoonist consists of and I find I can't answer that question with any degree of authority or even with the earnestness with which it was presented; this isn't some kind of there-are-no-differences-between-us, can't-we-all-just-get-along, Whoopi Goldbergesque, pseudo-politically correct bullshit—the bald facts are that I really have no idea what it's like to be a black cartoonist, I know only what it's like being me, which can be trying enough without supplementary labels. I'm just one lonely little field nigger try-

MY AMAZING LIFE AS A BLACK CARTOONIST

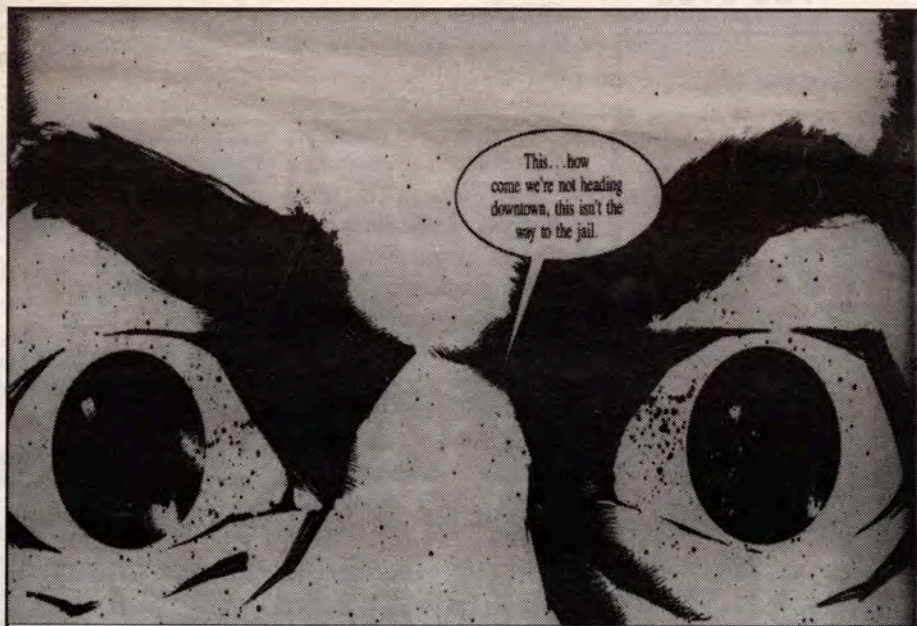
(no finer life was ever lived)



by Ho Che Anderson

ing to do what I'm trying to do, which is tell small stories about black folks, *hopefully* offering something other than the stuff you traditionally see black folks doing, in a medium that, frankly, grows more and more tedious by the minute. That's right—*comics are tedious*. I want to say that they're a stupid way to make a living and generally a pain in the ass, but

Stooges) about bad people having sex and getting into trouble. Following *that* million seller came my socially conscious period with *BLACK DOGS* and *KING*, a graphic novel about the life and times of Martin Luther King Jr., followed by my anything-for-the-money period with *WISE SON* (coming soon from Milestone, kids!). Now I'm back into doing stories



A captivating close-up of Martin Luther King Jr.'s eyes. (*King*, 1993 Fantagraphics books)

I won't. To be honest I'm not really sure where this attitude towards comics comes from. Maybe it's childish disappointment over the self-perceived quality of my work and it's subsequent reception, both of which I feel have been more than a little lacking.

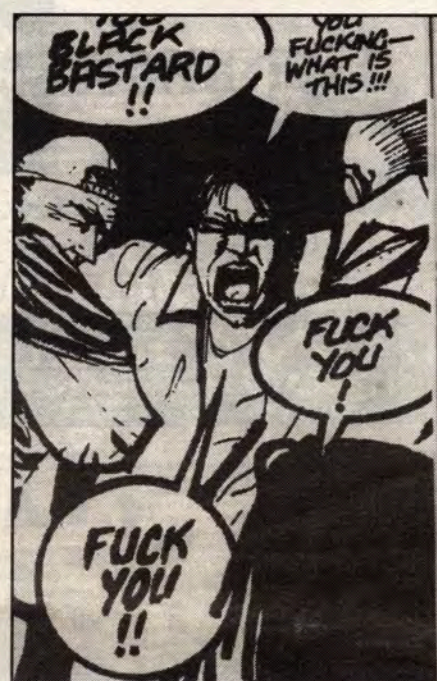
But maybe I should back up a bit. For anyone interested, I'm going to attempt my celebrity impersonation and list all the stuff I've done—simply for your edification of course, please don't think any prurient, slovenly self-interest is involved—for example *my* listing what I've done and *you* rushing out to buy it.

I did some for Matt Wagner's *GRENDEL* books—'nuff said. Following that came a book called *I WANT TO BE YOUR DOG* (with apologies to Iggy & The

designed simply to entertain. To herald this great day a collection of short stories called *YOUNG HOODS IN LOVE, AND OTHER STORIES* should be arriving soon. I'd like to do a lot more of that, fun stories that defy what black folks are allowed to do in fiction generally, and comics specifically; I've got a million ideas, but will they ever see the light of day? I doubt it. Sadly, I've come to understand there's just no market for this stuff, and it's now that I realise I'm coming to the end of the comic book road. I started out doing this stuff with boundless enthusiasm, but over time that enthusiasm has been systematically ground out of me, like a butt-fucking with a closed fist. I still love reading comics; there's nothing like that kick in the ass I get when I see new

stuff from people I like, but for myself, I don't see a future. Which is why I've been doing less and less comics work of late. But, as they used to say on Hammy Hamster, that's another story.

Returning to the issue of this mythic community of black cartoonists...hey what can I tell you? I'm just not the person to ask, I wish I was. Does such a beast even exist? See, my problem is I barely know any cartoonists *period*, black, white or otherwise, certainly none I could call up and hang with, should the desire ever manifest; sometimes I feel like I'm off in my own little planet—I've heard about the world where all the cartoonists live but I've never been there, and I suppose I don't really care to. There's a certain romance in being an outsider; I've been an outsider as long as I can remember and I guess I must really get off on that sense of romance 'cause I just don't seem to want to change it. I *could* go to conventions but I don't; I *could* go to book signings but who can be bothered? The only way I can see meeting other cartoonists is if I accidentally run over one in my car—which is kind of a pleasant thought when you get



A racist fight. (*Black Dogs*, Fantagraphics 1993)

down to it.

Listen, I don't mean to come across as a whining, bitter old fart. Don't take my little rants all that seriously, I'm just talking to hear my own voice; it's in my nature to grouse, ultimately it's what I do better than anything else, and hey, it's just comics we're talking about, just lines on paper. It's not gonna change anybody's world...is it?

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LIVE

Nerdy Girl / Sackville

Phoenix Cafe, February 4th



Amidst the blowing snow and head-chilling temperatures of a Montreal winter night, disciples of the folk gath-

ered to sip java in the warmth of the Phoenix Cafe. **Sackville**, a down home, come-Palace Brothers assemblage of musicians shared the stage with **Nerdy Girl** in a lesson of acoustic subtlety which left the audience smiling and content. The point of a live review is to report the show in hopes of recreating the scene for the unfortunates who missed it. Not only is this sort of discourse representative of the individual author, but it also fails to do the artform justice. That is, the depth and brevity of the two artists that performed on Saturday cannot be expressed in mere words. Will Oldham, **Palace Brothers/Songs** head and awe-inspiring lyricist, would have smiled widely as singer, guitarist, bassist, mandolinist, lap-steeler,

Kurt squeaked out "Mirrors". The song best represents **Sackville's** multi-layered quiltwork of musicianship as both an ensemble of acoustic sounds and a chorus of sweet voices. The band bills itself as a country act, but I think if Patsy Cline heard this term applied to them she would roll in her grave, they're not country. Although inspired by the sounds of the Lone Star, the band is a mix of Cajun, C&W, bluegrass, and indie pop that comes together as a syncretic whole, in this day and age it's an honour to remain free of a confining label.

Nerdy Girl, second in line, continued where **Sackville** left off, with a collection of stories, insight, and love songs. The recent trend in the music media to compare this-with-that is ill-serving to music in general, but guitarist Gordon performed a number that should have, could have, and would have, been included in the final cut of **Neil Young's Harvest**. Gordon's sweet-pickin' alone could have made me stay in my seat, but the unforced, clean voice of Cecil made the evening a calm, pleasing evening, largely uncharacteristic of Montreal nightlife

-Matt Large / Illustration - Gavin

Benefit for the Starlight Foundation

Woodstock, Jan 22, *Freakscene Productions*

8 bucks for 6 bands. Hmmm...is that a good deal? Apparently the three hundred or so kids who turned out on a dismal Sunday night thought so.

The whole show was a smooth ride and went on without a hitch, thanks to organiser Anurag Dhir. That everyone seemed relaxed and in good spirits is perhaps a tribute to benefit shows themselves which always seem to have this kind of effect. Pressure's off.

If anything, the show (case) proved once again that there really is no definitive "Montreal sound" and there probably never will be (try finding stylistic common ground between **Rhinolift** and **Goldfish**).

Even **The Organ Grinders**, who provided "comedy" relief between sets had me laughing (albeit in all the wrong places.)

The event raised roughly \$1200.00 (plus 30

from the donation box) for the Foundation, which grants wishes to chronically and terminally ill children as well as providing entertainment to those in hospitals.

Happily, our friends down at Woodstock also came out ahead presumably making a killing at the bar on a normally slow night, as well as taking their usual "pay-to-play" cut of \$150.00.

I guess they saw nothing wrong in reducing **Starlight's** potential intake for the evening. "Any place in town would do the same" barked Woodstock's booking agent, "AND WE ARE THE CHEAPEST!"

You sure are you fucks.

Meanwhile, based on the success of the evening, Anurag plans to put on similar events in the future including a possible "Rock for Choice" benefit in March or April.

The **Starlight Foundation** can be reached at 737-4447.

-Holly Stamer

helmet

Café Campus, Feb. 2, 199
Greenland Productions / DKD

Helmet's albums are tighter than bark on a tree. Last Thursday night's performance at Café Campus allowed them to translate their immaculate studio sound to the stage. With an incessant touring schedule more rigorous than in-season hockey players (100-plus show per year), **Helmet** blazed into Montreal a well-oiled, finely-tuned machine.

Cruising through 90 minutes of mostly *Betty* and *Meantime*, **Helmet** threw in some old-school *Strap-It-On* that sounded better live than *Betty*.

With Page Hamilton's academic training in music, the priority at a **Helmet** show becomes music first, and all else second. This is a rarity in



the rock world.

BUT, the net-effect of having serious musical integrity, in **Helmet's** case anyway is complete and utter predictability. Sure they didn't miss a beat, but had I closed my eyes during the show, it could have merely been a d.j. blasting **Helmet** cd's through the sound-system. Very simply, it didn't feel like a live show, maybe dictator Page Hamilton should loosen up a bit.

In this "free-styling" category, where spontaneity and improvisation gets you points, **Helmet** failed to register.

Coupled with hundreds of pre-pubescent kids stage-diving feet first (what?), I'd rather be driving at a high velocity, with "Unsung" pounding into my ears than sweating in Café Campus.

-SYA

The Stone Roses Second Coming (Geffen/MCA)

Just when Fool's Gold was starting to lose its charm, **The Stone Roses** are back. *Second Coming* breaks through the constraints of musical categorization (Manchester) by providing us with a timeless ensemble of inspi-



ration tracks. The dance grooves are just as strong, the guitars are devilishly melodic and the lyrics remain contradictory. The message is clear: "You can have it all/Anytime you want it". Whether you're feeling blissfully happy ("Breaking into Heaven"), or like a bloated mass of unwieldy woe ("Tears"), **The Stone Roses** meet your needs with their own blend of sarcastically, angelic, undeniably beautiful rock-'n'-roll. -Adrienne Baker

The Black Dog Spanners (WARP records, U.K.)

For the serious listener of electronic music, the name **Black Dog Productions** stands for an originality, sophistication and diversity nearly unparalleled in the world of techno. Most first heard this testimony on their *Bytes* and *Temple of Transparent Balls* Lp's; yet despite the high standards set by these works, their latest offering *Spanners* (again to be found on the seminal Warp record label from Sheffield) surpasses even these benchmarks.

From the hybrid electro-salsa of "Barbala Work" and the near symphonic majesty of "Utopian Dream" to the mutated hip-hop sensibility of "Pot Noodle" and the astonishing potpourri of sounds revealed through "Psil-Cosyin", **Black Dog** sound like they are making traditional music for an ethnic group yet to be born. The magnificent intricacy of a **Black Dog** piece allows one the illusion it is one's own ear that is imparting coherency to the free flow of sounds, when, in reality, one's ears are being carefully guided by an understanding of sound much greater than one's own. -Gnat

**Bender**

Funny Kar (Ringing Ear/Cargo)

Bender are a Toronto band who claims to sound like the **Doughboys**, **All** and **Green Day** but don't "suck major label cock"? How wonderful for them. And I suppose if an A&M rep. knocked on their door they'd refuse. O.K., **Bender**, oh virtuous indie heroes with an album produced by **Change of Heart's** Ian Blurton and cover art by Hugh J. Grove, let's see what you've got. Umm...power pop-catchy, cutesy and happy. I don't care if it's competent, this is about as predictable, tired and pointless as it gets (I want to kill you). As if *Crush* is the only **Doughboys** album.

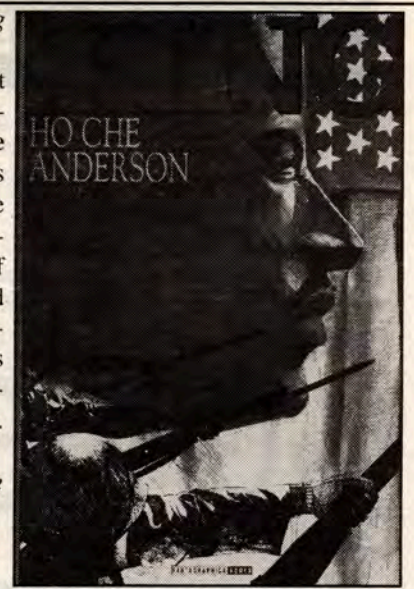
-Ilana Kronick

Ho Che Anderson King (Fantagraphics Books)

This is the most relevant Martin Luther King, Jr. biography since *Eyes on the Prize*. Anderson combines riveting accounts from the real-life players with beautifully depicted scenarios of the King saga. Be warned however, this is not an ass-licking tribute, Anderson has pulled out all the stops & portrayed King as he really was. A human being.

For more on *Ho Che Anderson* see pg. 5.

-Gavin McInnes

**VIA This is Fort Apache** (Fort Apache/MCA)

In case you didn't know, Fort Apache is a recording studio in Boston which has churned out such greats as **Dinosaur Jr.**, **Pixies**, **Sebadoh**, and **Buffalo Tom**, most of which can be found on this release. This disc also marks their debut as a record label. Judging from this release, Fort Apache's definitive sound seems to be jangly strum rock, which get's a bit tiresome. So to spare you from jumping off the couch to skip over **Juliana Hatfield** and **Throwing Muses** in order to get to the **Sebadoh** track, I'd have to recommend foregoing this disc and just buying the originals. Or, better yet, try and seek out the classic hardcore compilation, *This is Boston not L.A.* Now wouldn't we all rather hear **S.S.D.** and **The Freeze** over **Belly** and **Radiohead**? Of course we would! -Jonathon Cummins

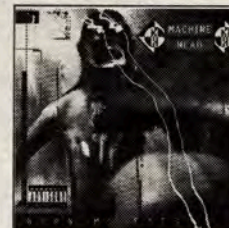
Slow Loris Palentine 7"

Bite - Funbuns 7"

(Derivative: P.O. Box 42031, Mt., PQ., H2W 2T3)

A couple o' new releases this week from the kooky kids at Derivative. First off we have **Slow Loris**, Hailing from down the 401 (That's Toronto y'all). Word has it that their first shows were played on street corners with the aid of generators. Cool huh! Well guess what kids so is this single. *Palentine* marks the 2nd release from these guys and finds them leaning more into a jazz vein. 3 instrumentals that will have you looking like a frustrated mime if you try and dance to it. Thanks to the 7" format jazz has never been more digestible. Fan's of **Slint** take note!

Bite have indeed broken up, but at least they left us with this great swan song. Two tear jerkers that could even have G. Gordon Liddy reaching for the kleenex. Kevin "Licks" Wood's bass lick does harken that of "Crazy on you" by **Heart** but even that doesn't seem to mar the emotive level this song attains. "Memphis" has Nuttella opting for crooning through the song over her trademark guttural scream. Which proves to be a welcome change. This single is definite proof that **Bite** will be sadly missed by all. In fact I was almost willing to give "Crazy on you" another chance (almost) -Jonathon Cummins

Machine Head Burn My Eyes (Roadrunner/Attic)

Fortunately, **Machine Head** is angry heavy metal from Oakland, CA., and not a local tribute to **Deep Purple**. Their lyrics sum-up the music perfectly. Here's a sampling: "...hatred is purity...", "...your suffering's my wealth...", "...I am the man that defends all things profane...", "...your pain is my shrine...beatings are what you'll inherit this time...", plus more! Fuelled by a cross-section of these evil elements, **Machine Head** rise up from Oakland's underbelly to terrorize and torment the metal universe. They're in town on the Biohazard and Slayer bill, slated for Feb. 22. No weaklings allowed.

-SYA

Shaktee

Something Old...Something New (Nachural Records)

Shaktee released an album (*Powered Up*) more than two years ago which was an overnight success. Having sold a record number of copies, they toured North America with big name bands such as the **Safri Boys**. With rumours spreading that **Shaktee's** next album would be a brilliant follow-up to their previous album, the anticipation became explosive! There's more, with the title being released before the album, it hinted upon a strong blend of the old traditional and the new modern. *Something Old...Something New* turned the anticipation into disappointment. It simply lacks the intrinsic style that made this group damn good. Having built their reputation on being a Bhangra band that got everyone rockin', I have one question. Where's the *Bhangra* guys?

-Mandip Panesar

Various Artists Higher Learning Soundtrack (Sony)

The soundtrack to John Singleton's provocative look at racial strife on a college campus effectively captures the dual nuances of the film: dismal reality vs shades of optimism. "Reality check" is provided courtesy of **Mr. Grimm**, **Outkast** and **Ice Cube**, with Cubes "Higher" being a rap synopsis of the movie's points of conflict. Counter-balancing positive R&B vibes by **Brand New Heavies**, **Zhan** and **Me'Shell NdegeOcello** serve to lighten the mood. And rounding out the musical melting pot are the subtle melodies of **Tori Amos** and **Liz Phair**, while **Rage Against the Machine** and **Eve's Plum** inject a dose of alternative rock into the mix.

It's an ambitious blend of music that tries to showcase the diverse realities of college tastes. Guess what, it works.

-Gerard Dee

Creedle

Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars (Headhunter-Cargo)

600 year-old secret fraternity or insane San Diego based quintet? The latter definitely, the former possibly. **Creedle** short-circuit all conventions, be they musical, lyrical or rational. Amazing **Nirvana**-esque hooks (remember the first time you heard *Nevermind*) nestle incessantly with quiet creepy non-sequiters, muffled conspiracies, paranoid whis-

pers, didactic German screams, backward tape loops and slowed speech samples. All this would be terrifying if it wasn't all so deliriously hilarious. If **Creedle** simply stuck to making "pop" songs they'd be massive, but they'd rather fuck around, and we're the luckier for it. Give it a chance and *Silent Weapons* will reveal the *Secret Teachings of All Ages*. Spark one up and listen, and I promise to come visit you in the asylum. A **Creedle** in every pot. -dickbird

Dub Narcotic Sound System

Fuck Shit Up, Booty Run, Bite (K)

Dub Narcotic Sound System is the studio-only project of Calvin Johnson, a member of **Beat Happening**, the **Halo Benders**, and co-owner of the Olympia based label K records. Johnson, a big fan of dub and reggae, has named his recently built studio Dub Narcotic, with the idea of an in-house band of whoever drops by., mostly folks in other K-

revolutions per minute

by Fred Quimby

related bands. These three singles are the results of some of these collaborations, and contain two hits and a strike. *Fuck Shit Up* is the big winner out of the three. Early 70's Shaft-like funk elements are sprinkled throughout this track, complete with bouncing bass lines and Hammond organ sweeps. The best thing are Johnson's lyrics, which reads like punk rock graffiti ("Get real drunk/do it punk" "Off the pigs/Darby lives") are just prime examples. *Booty Run* sounds more like **Beat Happening** territory, with it's sparse drums and guitars and a melodic pace that runs almost into cocktail lounge. Good, but not even close is the anarchy-funk of *Fuck Shit Up*. Third in line is *Bite*, the last of Dub Narcotic installments to date. It's Johnson accompanied by a drum kit and what sound like glass bells, and it's the weakest of the three singles. It just never really goes anywhere. All three of these

singles are backed by 'versions' on their respective b-sides, in which the same musical tracks with some improvised vocals and mixing are added. Not essential but fun to listen to.

Local Rabbits

Put on Your Snowsuit You're Going to Hell (Murder)

Is that a glockenspiel I hear? This is the brand new single for these West Island brats, so new in fact that my copy is on a cassette! Anyway, side a's "You're Such A Stupid Idiot" is a real treat, with it's false start, shambling arrangements, and a bridge that sounds like the band members are looking at each other in the studio wondering what to do next. I can't make out the lyrics too well, and the singer tries to hit a couple of notes intentionally knowing that he can't even come close to, but to wrap this song up with glockenspiel as part of a climactic ending merits bonus points. Side B's "Play With Your Poodle", a **Lightning Hopkins** composition, is the band's attempt at some folk-blues guitar sliding and some Delta posing, but it's dedicated to Jad Fair so what the hell. The thing about this band that works, and maybe a few other local outfits should take notice of, is that they don't take themselves too seriously, and that comes across on record as well. It doesn't mean they're not any good, not by a long shot. You can hear them having a good time in the studio, and offer you some as well, which is refreshing.

Impotent and Condemned in Hollywood

Back in the days when Blacks were represented on the big screen, there was little to look forward to beyond images of Stepin Fetchit, mammy's, servants and a slew of Al Jolson acts which needed no Blacks at all. With eye-popping, mouth-agape-antics, America and the world was introduced to the Negro. We were considered a praiseworthy sort in the eyes of many. Always happy, full of wisdom, simple yet obedient, viewing life from a whimsical, naive perspective. We had our hardships and strived to be equal against the backdrop of the plantation or the mean streets. The representational journey we have taken within the context of Hollywood, has been on a long, narrow road with little latitude. From Sambo to Superfly and beyond, the question still remains : How far have we come?

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Black films and film makers have existed since the turn of the century. The production of *Spyin' the Spy* in 1917, by a collective known as the **Ebony Corporation**, is said to have shown us as hopeful proud peoples with desires and dreams of prosperity. Yet the years to come would show that the film industry chose to ignore Black pride, dignity, beauty, intellectual thought and so on. The focus preferred and propagated was that of the docile servant, pimp, pusher and parasite.

CREATING THE MYTH

America's film industry was born at a time when Americans and Canadians had little of their own traditional folklore or legends to draw from. The medium was only too willing and able to weave a history for us, and served as a powerful tool for social development. A formula was born which dictated all too frequently, that the heroes

the Ku Klux Klan were heroes on horseback. The powerful imagery of this film serves as a catalyst to Klan membership today just as it did half a century ago.

Griffith's instruments of propaganda gave way to images of Tarzan beating up "angry jungle Negroes from a primitive land" on Hollywood sets. On screen Blacks were porters and servants while Asians played cooks, the eyes of society simply preferred them within these contexts. As Blacks, we shucked and jived our way through situations, but these films did more to reinforce the attitudes of whites than injure the overall self-image of Blacks.

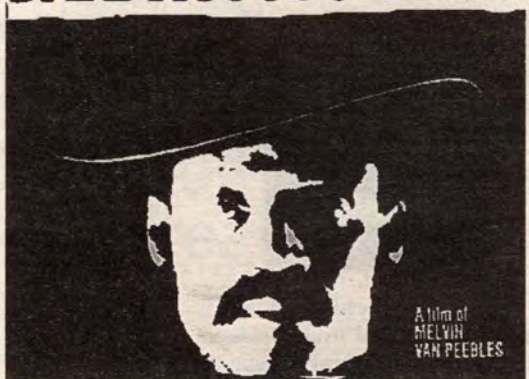
HOLLYWOOD'S MOTIVATIONS\$ FOR CHANGE.

Astute business minds of Hollywood noticed that Blacks were a large portion of the film going population. In response, low budget Black versions of well-known stories went into production. Hollywood found a profit potential outside of the happy singers and loving domestics that were no longer in vogue. So out of the goodness of their pocketbooks Hollywood allowed a few Blacks, in roles still written by whites, to take a few token swipes at THE MAN.

Jack and Bert Goldberg opened up a company called **Negro Marches On**, which made all Black films for over a decade. The Goldbergs, while not being that much different from their Hollywood counterparts did, however, hire Blacks almost exclusively from various schools to work at their studios. Soon more independent Black owned film companies also began to thrive, spanning from the 20's to the 30's, allowing more positive Black images to be seen. There were well known Black stars and films of the period, yet even within these Black owned companies there were remnants of the Hollywood caste system and more prestigious parts of doctors and lawyers were given to light skinned Blacks. We were moving forward while embracing the mind set of Hollywood.

Throughout this struggle it was irrefutably apparent that American society, and consequently the film medium, was still colour-blind. There was a need within this web of lies for Blacks to be portrayed as peoples with credible character and virtues. There was no need to prove ourselves worthy for we knew ourselves to be just that. In a society that speaks of freedom for all, we wanted the fair and just representation we deserved as contributors to society. We wanted what most film makers ironically found to be illusive, reality.

SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAADASSSSSS SONG



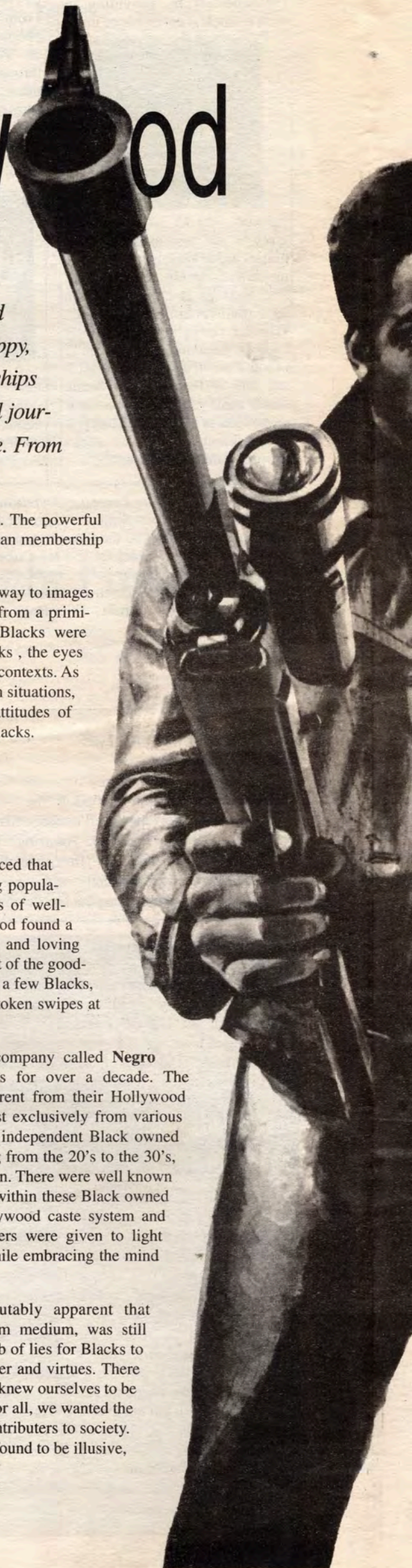
YOU BLEED MY MOMMA
YOU BLEED MY POPPA
BUT YOU WONT BLEED ME

MELVIN VAN PEEBLE and JERRY GROSS present SWEET SWEETBACKS BAADASSSS SONG
a CINEMATION INDUSTRIES Release

RATED X
BY AN ALL WHITE JURY

of this impressionable society were white, handsome and self-assured. The women were white, beautiful and often naive, wanting nothing more than to please their keepers. Blacks were discarded or represented through the eyes of those who considered us less than human. The thief was minding the store.

Soon a trite, widely popular film reared it's ugly head. D.W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*. Many still consider this film a triumph with notable historical impact. Others, however, cannot forgive the sorrow and hardships it helped perpetrate on the black community. The film presented blacks as childlike servants and bestial beings while



BLAXPLOITATION

By the 1960s the Black image continued to be a manipulated by-product of racist politics. Personalities such as theatre director/actor Ossie Davis, director Gordon Parks, actor/director Melvin Van Peebles, and actor Sidney Poitier set out to expose and deprogram the American psyche. Again, there came an assertion that there was a world of Black culture beyond the Hattie McDonalds and Bo Jangles of yesterday. A new cinematic revolution set out to eradicate more than fifty years of lies.

Melvin Van Peebles created *Sweet Sweetback's Badasssss Song*. He used money generated by Columbia Pictures' *Watermelon Man*, which he directed (about a racist white businessman who one day awakens to find himself Black), turned down a three picture studio contract and secured a \$50,000 loan from Bill Cosby to start his revolutionary independent film. He wrote, directed, starred in and composed the music for *Sweetback*, and watched it grow to controversially become the number one film in America for several weeks. Many described the film, which was shot in nineteen days, as militant and one dimensional while others hailed it as genius and honest in its depiction of American society. Throughout the debates Van Peebles confronted his adversaries directly. He initiated a lawsuit against the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), accusing them of "cultural genocide" for imposing a white judgement on Black subject matter after they had rated the film X. In response to the rating, he placed the disclaimer "RATED X BY AN ALL WHITE JURY" at the bottom of the poster.

Van Peebles reminded America of the hypocrisies within of our culture. He reminded the film industry and independent film makers that changes could occur, and were going to occur. For the Black community, which was again desperately searching for stories and representations significant to them, it only made sense. By the time the message arrived at Hollywood's doorstep it once again translated into dollars and cents. There was a flood gate of black films with flacid, urban "stick it to the man" scenarios. This time Hollywood hired Black directors to take on projects, to further an illusion that the industry truly cared. These same stories, often written by whites, began a transformation into "blackened" second rate action films. What was intended to be a tool of education and a forum for Black heroes and role models, was pimped out as exploitation by the studios.

Any film with a positive social message set sail in a sea of Blaxploitation. Hollywood produced an onslaught of slicker, lower budget features to squeeze out the independents who embodied more integrity. The images of Black pride in Hollywood soon existed only on accounting paper. A formula consisting of tough, street-wise, take no shit, "stick it to the man", counterfeit ghetto superstars ran rampant throughout American folklore. Films such as *Tom*, *Sheba Baby*, *Willie Dynamite*, *Hell Up in Harlem*, *Slaughter's Big Rip Off*, *Blackula*, *Shaft's Big Score*, *Shaft in Africa*, *Coffy*, *The Mack* and *Trouble Man* were the tip of the financial iceberg for Hollywood. These films became so routine that reviews in *Variety* actually rated their exploitative prospects. America learned that Blacks could be proud and strong yet content with the ghetto. "Heroes" existed within a thin veneer of hope, often fighting their own ghetto vices. These characters became caricatures, and the new, prouder Sambo was created for the purpose of flogging the same box office horse.

The cycle was completed. America saw Blacks aspiring to get out of the ghetto, but their hardships were okay as long as they stayed there. A tear was easier shed for Blacks within those confines.

CHALLENGING THE CYCLE

So here we are, a new generation of young filmgoers and film makers with years worth of images born out of financial scheming and social misrepresentations as our points of reference. As in the past, films about Blacks are being written and made by Blacks. Films such as *Boys in the Hood*, *Straight Out of Brooklyn*, *Menace to Society* and *Higher Learning* exist out of a social need for people to know about our society. Films like *Crooklyn*, which depicts a black family without guns and drugs, seem beyond the kin of society. Filmgoers have been weened on propaganda and when Black traits are not found, i.e. drugs or violence, we find the story unbelievable. After *Boys in the Hood* and *Menace to Society*, a rash of black gang-banging tales erupted. But what have we learned from them? What socially conscious message is being conveyed?

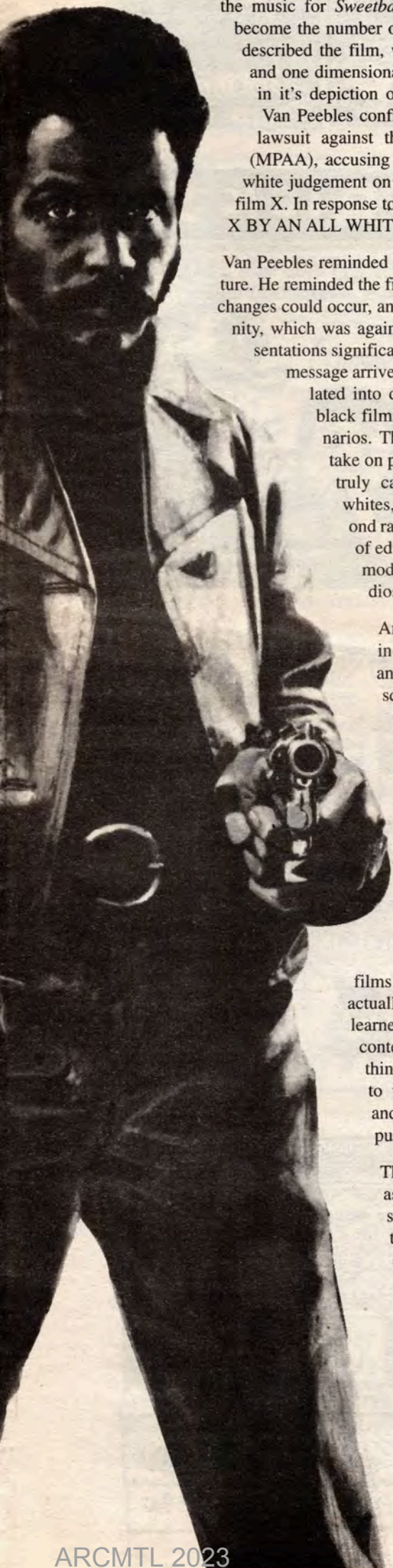
Ghetto tales sell. Oliver Stone discovered this in his film *South Central*, about a Black ghetto male who tries to raise his son against all odds. The film is as believable as Oliver Stone's good intentions and smells suspiciously like easy money. We'd rather give props to the action and soundtracks than admit these copy-cat films equal money. The vicious cycle continues.

Blacks are used when they fit the image expected of them. If films addressed the real issues of our existence, the formulas would have to be rewritten. Blacks are confined to ghettos because that's where we all come from, right? Blacks have gone from slave quarters to ghettos but not because these are our aspirations. Genocide equals box office.

From butler to gang-banger, from slave to driving around Miss Daisy, our lives and history exist only as a manipulated, gratuitous backdrop for dramatic effect. Want some anger, old fashioned wisdom, tension or someone to shoot? Simply put in a Black person. We have become nothing more than cinematic devices like music in a horror film, and iconic references for all things evil and frightening. Choose any film void of racial conflict, that has nothing to do with slavery or the ghetto, a tale human in nature and dynamic in proportion and count the number of Black principle actors. You need only use one hand. From the films you find, ask yourself how the Black character is being conveyed. After all of this, ask yourself what you truly know of the Black community that allows you to take for granted what you see on the big white screen. We the viewers, all races considered, and we the people of African descent are being used.

Let all of us be honest as humans first. Take off your nigger glasses.

Special thanks to La Boite Noire for providing the films (4450 St. Denis, 2nd floor, 287-1249)

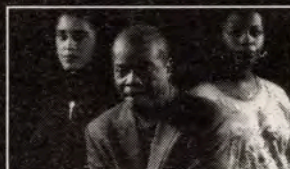


Celebrating Black History Month THE NFB PRESENTS

OTHER VOICES '95

FILMS FROM THE AFRICAN DIASPORA

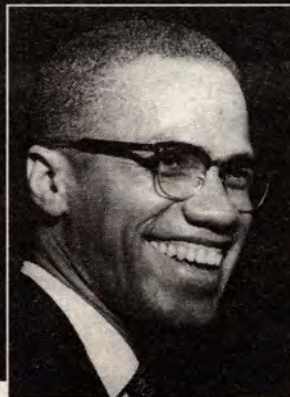
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DELIVERANCE!!

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EVIL PARENT TRICKS



ODDVILLE!



Being Black and Gay

INTERVIEW

by Cathleen Skidmore
photo by Kezner

Skid: You don't want to be identified. Why is that?

Mr E: I would get into trouble, definitely.

S: Trouble from whom?

Mr E: From the black community.

S: When you say the black community who exactly do you mean?

Mr E: I can't put it just on the Haitians because I am of Haitian origin but most of my life I was raised around Jamaicans and Trinidadians. I got equal amounts of discrimination from them all. I can't pinpoint it on just one group, but I can say that when it comes to homophobia, the black community has an edge on the white community.

S: Homosexuality is often seen as the white man's decadence, the decadence that comes from privilege and that it's not natural for a black man to be gay.

Mr E: Especially West Indians. I can only really talk from a West Indian point of view. For them you are sick or confused or the devil has got into you. It is a white man's disease and you can only become gay if you come into the white man's land.

S: Have you come out to your family?

Mr E: I told my parents very recently and it was very hard. I've been gay since birth, I know that, but it's always been very hidden. I only just came out to my friends. To my parents I knew it would be hard because I had heard that my father was once a gay basher. When you're watching tv and a gay issue comes up and your father makes the comment that they should just shoot them [gays] or that they just spread diseases or something, you don't want to come out. But my father started to sense that I was gay and was starting to tear up, get all emotional.

S: Is your homosexuality seen as a reflection of his manhood?

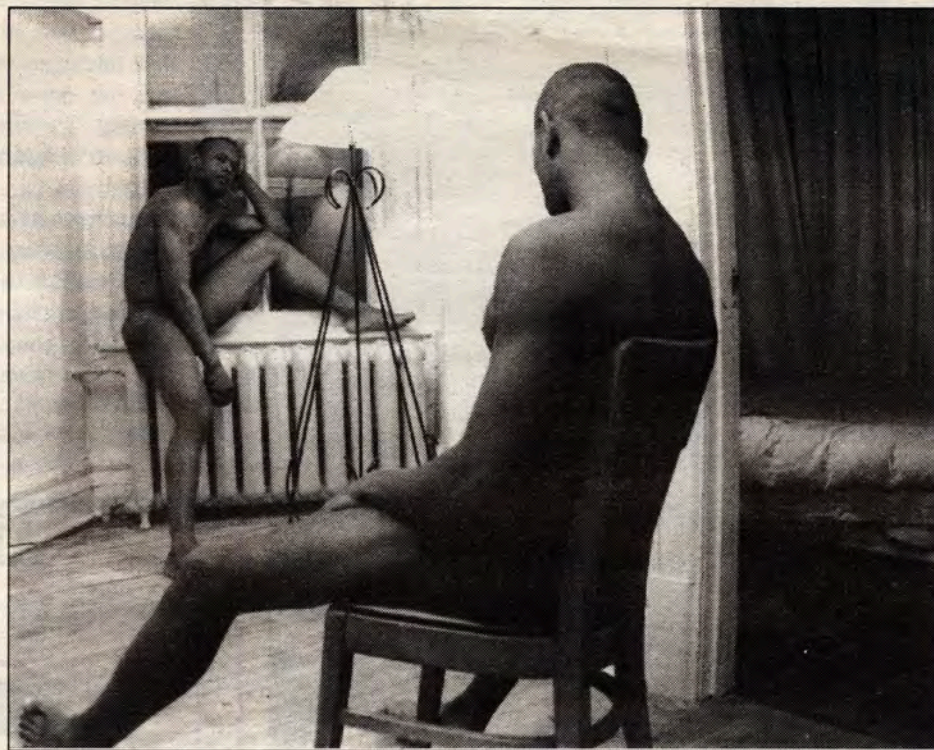
Mr E: No and that's what's totally weird. He broke down and said, 'you're my son and I love you. I did not raise you any different from anybody else in the family so automatically I know that this is not by choice because who in hell would choose a life like this. Not that it's a bad life but it's a difficult life.' My mother still wants me to try girls but now my parents are cool with it. My entire life I was living a lie, now I am like an open book in front of my core family and we have no more secrets.

S: Yet you still don't want to be identified.

Mr E: No. You have to understand that it's very hard in places like Jamaica and Haiti. In those countries it's considered evil. It's not like over here where you have gay villages where you might get beat-up by bashers. In Jamaica you can not go anywhere, they might stone you to death if they find out that you're gay. In Haiti they have a thing called *père le brun*. That means they put a tire around you and burn you. (this practise is a documented revenge against the Macoute (volunteer, government killers). Rumour has it that some gays have also suffered this terrible death.)

S: That's awful.

Mr E: It is awful but homosexuality is considered evil. In non-industrialized countries all they really have to hold onto is family life and religion. Religion is so anti-gay that their actions are harsher than North American standards.



S: You said that West Indians believe the devil is in you. The whole idea of the devil is a Christian concept, the colonizer's concept.

Mr E: Christianity is really a white man's religion. I don't understand why West Indians would want to follow a religion that has oppressed them all these years.

S: That's my point. It's a religion that condones slavery.

Mr E: Just 30 years ago blacks were not accepted as equal, period.

And that was from Christians.

S: Today everyone seems to unite in animosity towards homosexuals.

Mr E: There are 200,000 blacks in Montreal. It is estimated that 10% of any population is gay. That would mean that there are

S: Toronto is vastly queer. They have the second largest gay population per capita in North America.

Mr E: The first time I went to a Soul Sister party in Toronto, gorgeous lesbians, the entire place was just black gays. I felt so comfortable. We all felt especially comfortable there because even in the gay society there's racism and stereotypes.

"Black guys who only like white guys we call Dairy Queens."

20,000 black gay Montrealers yet when I go to clubs, I see maybe 10 or 15. That's how scared they are here. All the West Indians that think there are not that many gays should have a look at New York or anywhere in the U.S. where there's a large black population. I walked into a club in New York full of 6'2" muscled, gold-toothed, hip hop/dancehall style men and danced for 30 minutes before I realized that there weren't any girls

S: Black to Black stereotypes as well.

Mr E: The Mandingo fantasy. But it's funny hearing 'oh ya, I've slept with a black man before' from a black man. North America has raised blacks to be anti-black. We're not portrayed as beautiful. There's so much racism among black gays. It extends from the straight community. In Montreal the Haitians and the Jamaicans can't stand each other. Do you think that stops in a gay surrounding where they're already oppressed? No. The blacks aren't attracted to each other so they compete for the whites. Black guys who only like white guys we call Dairy Queens. I only know 3 or 4 black guys in Montreal who like black men and they don't really get any.

S: All that might change with some black gay visibility.

Mr E: There's so many black gays in Montreal, we've got to reach out to them. K.O.X. had a Jamaica night last summer. About a 1000 people were there and 30% were black gays. That's incredible. About 75% of those blacks were Haitian. Homosexuality is not a Haitian thing now (he cautions with his finger). They all came out for the black music. So my friend and I decided we should do something for Black History Month. One night that caters to black music, funk, house, reggae. Club Sky agreed so we will be having a night. I'm very positive about this black gay night. No one can party like a black party. There's a whole new generation out there. When I say West Indians are anti-gay I'm talking the older ones. There are a lot of open-minded people out there. If I can have so many black friends and be out to them, I know that something's right. It may be a slow change but it's being done.

Two Black Guys Present, **Hot Chocolate: A Gay Tribute to Black History Month**

Sunday Feb 26 at Club Sky.

backshelf scavenge

VIDEO

by Michael Will

Of all the cult genres the one scarcest in entertainment value tends to be the biker flick. Camp riots like *She Devils on Wheels* (1968) are few and far between, and even Russ Meyer fell flat with his 1965 *Motor Psycho*. The genre couldn't have gotten off to a draggier start than with 1954's *The Wild One*, which after its immortalized opening scenes ("What are you rebelling against?" "Wha'd 'ya got?") turns into the dreariest of plugs for social conformity, Method-mugging Brando shedding his colours in an angst-ridden bid for the heart of a priggish bobbysoxer. Coming more than a decade before the trend-setting *Wild Angels* (1966), it's really more ancestral than prototypical.

Actually, the same might be argued about Roger Corman's excess, which merely chronicles the title gang's destructive ways in exhausting detail. The eventual established formula, which lasted well into the 70's, was nothing more than western conventions in a modern setting: outlaws wreaking havoc and good guys getting even. While most (like the superbly titled *Chrome and Hot Leather*) are as tepid as the aver-

age Audie Murphy programmer, one that transcends the genre with all the vulgar dazzle of a *Johnny Guitar* is Tom Laughlin's *Born Losers* (1967).

Unlike its 1971 sequel *Billy Jack*, a one-time box office phenomenon of unparalleled pretentiousness that's dated itself into the collective amnesia, *Born Losers* makes its period look like an exciting place to be. This is the West Coast 60s at its mot schitzy interesting, the hair and fashions in that gaudy cross-over phase from late mod to early hippy, perfectly reflecting the ideological chaos of the counter culture in its infancy. Though an absolute jermiad against rape and violence, it exploits both these elements to

the hilt and attracts as much outrage as its directs, while sweeping the viewer along in its retro-trendy,

melodramatic delirium.

We meet rugged saint Billy Jack (auteur-egomaniac Tom Laughlin, who unaccountably directs under a pseudonym) in a pastoral prologue, voice-over informing us he's an ex-Green Beret with Indian blood who's turned his back on society. It's better than society deserves as

we find out when, to the tune of one of the funniest instrumental theme songs ever (a sort of "Bolero" bossa nova style, composed by the notorious Mike Curb), he heads to town for supplies and gets busted for locking horns with the *Born Losers* motorcycle club, fascists whom

Elizabeth James, a non-actress whose grating personality has a strange authenticity.) In the wild convolutions that follow, populated by cartoony grotesques from every walk of life, the chicken hearted townsfolk cave in en masse leaving Billy and Vicky alone to square off against the rampaging brutes, in a genuinely harrowing climax.

There's a subtheme of the superficial Vicky coming of age in the face of injustice that neatly counter-balances the macho heroics, but it's all but undermined in one truly sick-making moment when Billy, at his wit's end over the townfolks' cowardice, spews at them, "Anything that happens to your women, you deserve!". Such cloddish objectification could be written off as a character flaw in a film more intelligent than this one, but one's uncomfortably certain that these are Laughlin's sentiments exactly. To be

fair, however, the ramificational horror of rape is never trivialized and the victims, however one dimensional, are humanized and treated with compassion. Like I said, it's a schitzy film from a schitzy period, from a passionate but none too bright director. But let's not take

things too seriously. As with Bette Davis's appalling "what every woman wants" speech in *All About Eve* and the rampant homophobia in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, if you can get past its' period's more indigestible attitudes *Born Losers* is a howl. The dialogue is thrillingly awful: "Look," Vicky levels with the authorities at one point, "I'm not cut out for this hero stuff. All my life I've been a spoiled little rich girl, looking out for only one person...ME!". "So there goes our case," despairs the district attorney, "straight out the window. We just open the cages and let the animals loose!". "I love those *Born Losers*," snarls one rebellious teen at her socially prominent parents, "almost as much as I hate you!". The acting is equally atrocious and overwrought, top honours going to guest star Jane Russell, looking for the world like an aging drag queen (rumour still has it that she and Victor Mature are the same person), as a hard-boiled 40's-style chippy who tells everyone off in no uncertain terms.

This one's at the far-flung Movielands of Westmount and Cote-des-Neiges. Both places have enough interesting obscurities to be well worth the trip.



the law can't touch no matter how much they throw their weight around. This set-up's put to the ultimate test when they rape a group of local teenagers, as well as visiting co-ed Vicky Barrington (played by Lisa Minelli look-alike



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V alentine's Day

The Second Longest Holiday If You Don't Have A Date

CITY

By SKID



The cruise factor was especially high at the office Christmas Party. Frantic glances sought any possible signs of life or interest. Body-heat vampires all responding to some innate physiological alarm that cautions "extreme cold approaching, find warmth."

Then there's Valentine's Day. The very special occasion that Rountree celebrates by giving us what we really want, a box of Smarties with just the red ones. Implanted ideas of love and a seemingly endless supply of those little flying, armed cupids trying to pierce the cynic's veil. Poo-poo the romance, (so long and thanks for all the chocolate), but this is not the time to neglect the sensual opportunist lurking behind that bad attitude.

Pick-up lines can be great ice breakers. At this stage of the winter, desperation is mounting (so to speak), but that doesn't mean that you should just say anything. As a seasoned pick-up artist you need charisma, a sense of purpose, and above all, originality. There's a lot of competition out there and, like the dandruff-guy says, you never have a second chance to make a first impression. So don't be flaky. These are a few of the worst pick-up lines. Try them at your own risk.

PHILOSOPHICAL IMPRESSIONS.

"Do your eyebrows grow like that or do you have them styled?"

"Your parents must be really good in bed."

"The five fingers are of unequal length but they are united in the hand. Let's get naked."

"In addition to being incredibly sexy, I'm also very smart."

CELESTIAL COME-ONS.

"Does Heaven know you're missing?"

"Is your dad in jail for stealing the stars to put in your eyes?"

"Are you staying or does Heaven have a curfew?"

"Do you remember this ring? You gave it to me in our last life of sexual abandon."

"My friends call me God."

LIPSTICK LESBIANS

"That colour would look great all over me."

"Didn't we meet in a bra somewhere?"

"I've already had dinner, but I could eat again"

POLITICALLY CORRECT

"You look really good without make-up."

"I'm just a sensitive guy trapped in a macho body."

"You might be a vegetarian, but have I got some meat for you."

DIRECT ACTION or HI, CAN I BE YOUR FRIEND?

"I'm looking for a woman who can take 12 inches."

"Fuck me if I'm wrong but aren't you...?"

"Hi, I've been noticing you for a while and you seem really special. How about coming home with me so we can be together and hug."

"How do you like your eggs in the morning?"

"Did you just fart?"

"Whoa, were you dipped in babe sauce?"

"Have you ever seen an elephant with an afro?"

"When I was a kid I used to play with GI Joes but this is the first time that I ever wanted to play with a doll."

the air ball-knocking. Public foreplay without the risk. This is only one suggestion, of course, from the presumption that you intend to harvest your date from a bar. Though alcohol consumption often equals an easy target or an exaggerated sense of your own prowess, you needn't limit yourself to the after hours. People look uglier through hung-over eyes, never-mind the harsh light of the following day. Let the world be your playground. If the day is a bust you can always head for the bar later. These are a few of the lines that did work.

SETTING THE GROUND

"You missed your appointment."

"Appointment?"

"Your friend arranged a tour of the city. I was expecting you at 3."

"Huh?"

"Fortunately, I've got some free time right now. I can show you my room."

A guy approaches a girl with several parcels. "I just joined a fraternity and part of my initiation is to be someone's slave for a day."

"Good, you can start by carrying these."

Ice T to his future wife
"You wanna be in a video?"

IN FOR THE KILL

A girl sitting at a bar looks a guy straight in the eye

"Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"I dare you to fuck me in the bathroom."

Hand your date of choice a shot of the bar's best Scotch

"Finish your drink dear, we're leaving."

At the end of the day, people like to feel special. Creativity is the key. Personalize your approach. To pick-up women, Herve Villechaize (the dwarf from Fantasy Island) is rumoured to have used the line, "Gee, your hair smells terrific."

HAVE FUN AND PLAY SAFE.



"Unless you have a babe permit, I'm afraid I'll have to fine you." (worse, if you carry a personalized citation pad.)

"Do you have a little Greek in you? ...Would you like some?"

All the reports suggest that guys are pretty easy but one-liners rarely work on girls. Sometimes you have to be willing to invest a little time. You need a strategy, body language. A game of pool could be a good start. Long stretch, butt in



GET OUT!

Voice Listings are free! Fax: 842-5647 or Write: Voice of Montreal, GET OUT!, Ste 20, 275 St-Jacques, Montreal, Qc H2Y 1M9

BLACK HISTORY MONTH EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

CAISO, PAN AND MAS. This exhibition invites you to discover Trinidad's Carnival, its evolution and integration of African cultures, its music, dance and costumes. Studio C, Maison de la culture de Notre-Dame de Grâce, 3755 Botrel, 872-2157

MONTREAL NOIRE FRANCOPHONE; une mémoire et un héritage à partager presents the history of Montreal's francophone black communities. Wed. to sun., 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. Maison de la culture, 911 Jean Talon E.

ENFANTS D'AFRIQUE D'ICI ET D'AILLEURS. Photographs by Piere D'Amours. Organized by the Strathearn Centre and Vues d'Afrique. Strathearn Centre Cafe, 3680 Jeanne-Mance, 872-9808.

ODE À LA MÉMOIRE; a collective of Haitian paintings at Galerie Observatoire 4, 372 St-Catherine St. W., #426, 866-5320.

18 to 26 February

ROND-POINT: Arts and craft by Jamaican artists, poetry readings, lectures on black authors, and presentations of videos by Black producers. Presented by the Jamaica Association of Montreal, 4065 Jean-Talon W., 737-8229.

14 FEBRUARY

RACE FILMS talks about films that were directed, produced or financed by Blacks. Organized by the Black Students Network. 5:30 p.m. to 9 p.m., McGill University, Leacock 226, 398-6800.

Valentine's Day Party: Dance to the music of the People's Choice and Selector Bobsy. Roses for all ladies before midnight. Presented by the Jamaica Association of Montreal 10 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. 737-8229, \$8, 4065 Jean Talon W., at de la Savanne.

CHILDREN OF KUSH ARISING: multi-disciplinary theatre. 9:30 p.m. Club Balattou, 4372 St-Laurent, 932-1104. Also on February 15.

THE NATION OF ISLAM, PAST AND PRESENT (Malcolm X interviews). Video followed by discussions. Organized by the Concordia Caribbean Students Union. Call 848-3527 for showtime and place.

POETRY NIGHT AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY. Organized by the Black Student Network, 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Leacock 26, 398-6815.

AIDS AND HIV: ORIGINS AND PREVENTIONS. A lecture organized by AKAX at UQAM. Call 369-2529 for time and place.

16 FEBRUARY

BLACK PRESENCE IN QUEBEC'S UNIVERSITIES: REALITIES AND PERSPECTIVES. Organized by the Minority Apprentice Project. 10:30 a.m., 2110 Décarie Blvd, #102, 488-9605.

OUR LOST HEROES: A play by Winston Sutton, directed by Carol Jones, outlines the contribution of Blacks in North America. Presented by the Black Theatre Workshop. Preparatory discussion at 7:30 p.m., Maison de la culture Villeray/St-Michel/Parc-Extension. 8 p.m. Auditorium Le Prévost, 7355 Christophe-Colomb Ave. Call 872-6131 to request an entrance pass.

17 FEBRUARY

Eval MANIGAT AND TCHAKA. Haitian vibraphonist, author and composer Eval Manigat has become the reference in

Worldbeat music. 8 p.m., Maison de la culture Frontenac, 2550 Ontario E. Call 872-7882 for your entrance pass.

BOUBACAR DIABATÉ plays the Cora and **Mjacko Backo** plays percussion. 8 p.m., Maison de la culture Plateau Mt-Royal, 465 Mt-Royal E. 872-7882. Call to request an entrance pass.

18 FEBRUARY

OPENING SHOW FOR HAITIAN WEEK featuring the band **Rude Luck** and Jazz musician-composer **Harold Faustin**. Organized by Ex-Aequo International. 8 p.m. Cegep Marie-Victorin, 354-9940.

INTERNATIONAL EVENING AND COMMUNITY DINNER. Public readings of Black, Gay and Lesbian authors. Call to confirm presence before Feb. 12. Organized by L'Église communautaire du Village. Commemorative masses every Sunday, 6 p.m. Église du Village, 321 Lafayette Blvd, #1, Longueuil.

20 FEBRUARY

ANIMATION, PRESENTATION OF THE PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK. Organized by Ex-Aequo International. 7 p.m. Cafeteria of Cegep Marie-Victorin, 354-9940

FREE ANGELA, ANGELA O FEMME NOIRE: Public reading from a book by Valérie Goma relating the life of Angela Davis, Black American activist and equal rights advocate in the '70s. Organized by Production Quatre Épics, 8 p.m. Maison de la culture Mondiale, 3812 St-Laurent. Free.

22 FEBRUARY

BLACK WOMEN IN LITERATURE AND FEMINISM, organized by AKAX. 7 p.m. UQAM, 369-2529.

LORRAINE KLAASEN AND SOWETO GROOVE; the South African songstress and her band. 8 p.m. Maison de la culture Côte-des-Neiges, 5290 Chemin de la Côte-des-Neiges. Call 872-6889 for an entrance pass.

RESTORING BLACK HISTORY: Dr. Édouard Kalambay, anthropologist and Oumar Dioume, telecommunications engineer and historian, present a lecture on the real story of Black people. 7 p.m. École Rivière-des-Prairies, 9955 Perras Blvd., 494-7171

25 FEBRUARY

ÉMILINE MICHEL, the queen of Haitian music and the goddess of Creole songs with influences from Blues, Afro-Jazz and tropical pop. Organized by Maison de la culture de Rivière-des-Prairies in conjunction with Ex-Aequo International. 8 p.m. Cégeg Marie-Victorin, 7000 Marie-Victorin. Call for an entrance pass, 354-9940

ME-A-GO-FOREIN: A West Indian play about a lady who leaves her home in Jamaica, to come to Canada. Organized by Productions ADC. 8 p.m. Polyvalente St-Henri, \$7, \$3. For entrance passes call Louis 930-5770 or Donna 488-0439.

FAIR: SAMPLING OF PASTRY AND HAITIAN DISHES. Organized by Ex-Aequo International. 3 p.m. to 6 p.m., Cégeg Marie-Victorin, 354-9940.

HISTOIRE DE FEMMES: An acoustic show of traditional music with **Zab Maboungou**, **Assar Santana** and **Lorraine Klaasen** at Club Soda. 8 p.m. Tickets and information: 790-ARTS.

28 FEBRUARY

BROTHERS SPEAK OUT: SEMINAR on Blacks and their relationship to others. Organized by the Concordia Caribbean Students Union. 848-3527.

28 FEBRUARY

RAP/HIP-HOP FEST 95 featuring Montreal's top performers sponsored by The Black History Month Event Committee, Voice of Montreal. Call 842-5137 for details.

THE SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR INSTITUTE FILM FESTIVAL in The Lounge, 2170 Bishop St., 848-2372
10:30 a.m. to noon

SISTERS IN THE STRUGGLE

This film explores the diversity, vision and impetus of the contemporary Black women's movement through, community, politics, labour and feminism.

BLACK MOTHER, BLACK DAUGHTER

Building on a tradition of oral history, this is a formal record of the history and life experiences of Black women in Nova Scotia. 1 p.m. to 2:30 p.m.

OLDER, STRONGER, WISER

Five Black women talk about their lives in rural and urban Canada between the '20s and '50s, and the legacy of their elders.

LONG TIME COMING, call for info.

NFB FILM SERIES

(NFB Cinema, 1564 St-Denis, 496-6895, \$4, \$3)

14 FEBRUARY

A selection of Canadian, American and British films illustrating the cultural contributions of Blacks and demonstrating new ways of telling stories and envisioning history.

BLACK IS... BLACK AIN'T (USA) Premiere. The latest film on the identity and representation of Blacks by Emmy Award winner Marlon Riggs; has interviews with Bell Hooks, Cornel West, Michel Wallace and Angela Davis. 6:30 p.m.

COLOR ADJUSTMENT (USA). an award winning film by Marlon Riggs exhibiting the African-American battle for representation on American film and television screens. 8:30 p.m.

15 FEBRUARY

SATURDAY NIGHT, SUNDAY MORNING (USA) A film by Louis Guida which follows A.D. "Gatemouth" Moore on a journey that takes him from Blues singer to preacher and B.B. King reminisces on how Saturday Blues and Sunday Gospel helped Black people survive years of oppression.

SAAR (Canada), by Selina Williams. Six Afro-Canadians reunite to share memories, music and food for the soul and the body. 6:30 p.m.

A QUESTION OF COLOR (USA) A film by Kate Sandler on Black identity, culture and self-image

SEVEN SONGS FOR MALCOLM X (R-U) John Akomfrah. England's Black Audio Film Collective show the life and death of Malcolm X and the evolution of his convictions as seen by people who knew him, interviewed him or were influenced by his philosophy. 8:30 p.m.

16 FEBRUARY

A QUESTION OF COLOR AND SEVEN SONGS FOR MALCOLM X, 6:30 p.m.

Saturday Night, Sunday Morning and Saar, 8:30 p.m.

17 FEBRUARY

COLOR ADJUSTMENT, 6:30 p.m.

BLACK IS... BLACK AIN'T, 8:30 p.m.

18 FEBRUARY

Black Is... Black Ain't, 8:30 p.m.

Color Adjustment, 8:30

19 FEBRUARY

Saturday Night, Sunday Morning and Saar, 6:30 p.m.

A Question of Color and Seven Songs for Malcolm X, 8:30 p.m.

CLUBBING

Funking Around

Burgundy boys Ricky D and Shaheed start off Saturday with their fly funk night at **World** (1400 Montcalm). With just the first floor open the space has that warehouse feeling. 7 djs mix hip hop with some solid, surrender-your-hips-to-the-funk classics. Then it's off to **Playground** (1296 Amherst). Dj Marc Anthony holds court over Evian guslers with some hard house til 10am. Sleep? **Harlida's** (16 Ontario W) by 10:15. Dj XL slides into Sunday with some ambient trans. By 5 it's time for a disco nap then back to Harlida's in the pm for Superfunk with dj Kurtis C. Good night. **Skid.**

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Canadian Oriental Divorcee, healthy, 54, looking for female-no discrimination against age, colour, or origin. The right person very welcome, Sobhi: 856-1198

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